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The CAROLINA FARMER

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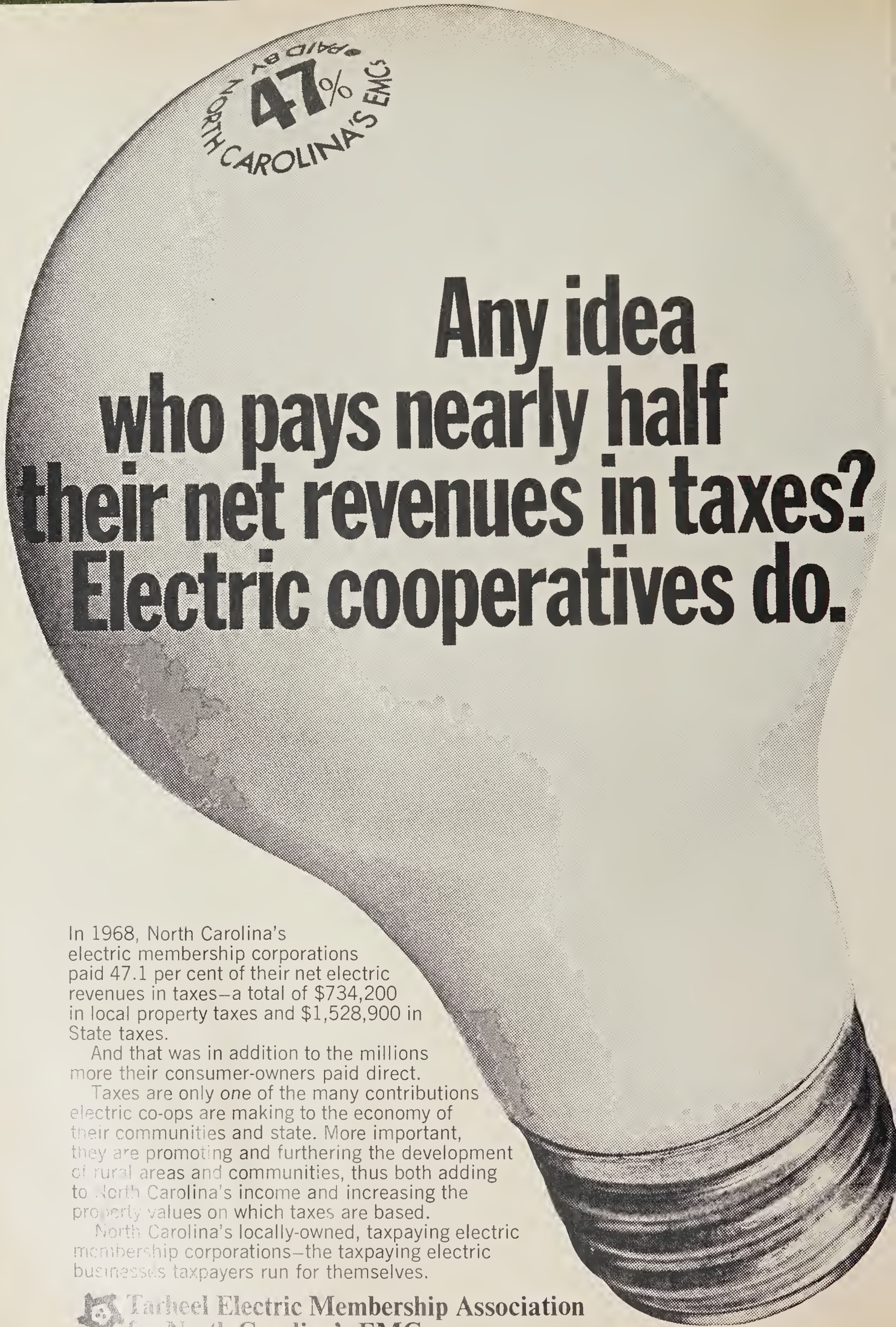

Any idea who pays nearly half their net revenues in taxes? Electric cooperatives do.

In 1968, North Carolina's electric membership corporations paid 47.1 per cent of their net electric revenues in taxes—a total of $734,200 in local property taxes and $1,528,900 in State taxes.

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Tarheel Electric Membership Association
for North Carolina's EMCs

The CAROLINA FARMER

Vol. 24, No. 5, May, 1969

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J. C. Brown, Jr.
Executive Manager

COVER—As the Carolina Homemaker points out this month, horseback riding is growing in popularity with girls and women as well as boys and men in North Carolina. Shown with a colt on the cover, in a photo by Lindsay Edwards of West Jefferson, is "Lady," a saddle mare formerly owned by J. R. Shatley of Todd and now owned by Felix Loggins of Piney Creek. All are members of Blue Ridge EMC.

This month . . .

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THE CAROLINA FARMER IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY TARHEEL ELECTRIC MEMBERSHIP ASSOCIATION, INC. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT MEMPHIS, TENN. 38118. EDITORIAL OFFICES, SUITE 911, BRANCH BANK BUILDING, RALEIGH, N.C.27602.POSTMASTER, SEND FORM 3579 TO BOX 1699, RALEIGH, N.C. 27602. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 70 CENTS PER YEAR. PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 3781 LAMAR AVE., MEMPHIS, TENN. 38118. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1969 BY TARHEEL ELECTRIC MEMBERSHIP ASSOCIATION, INC.

Let's Put North Carolina First

Governor Scott has told the General Assembly what must be done to provide for North Carolina's growing needs. And he has properly recommended ways to raise the money.

His tax recommendations have aroused the expected opposition. Many people, including rural people who stand to share heavily in the Governor's goals, have come to legislative hearings concerned and in some cases alarmed.

North Carolinians, especially rural North Carolinians, must not let the clamor persuade them the tax proposals are unreasonable or unjustified.

Rural North Carolinians owe it to themselves to stand with the Governor and make it clear to him and their legislators that they do not stand apart from the mainstream of North Carolina.

We do not often have a farmer as governor. We may not have another. The farm vote once so important is counting for less in politics. The constituencies of state legislatures and Congress are becoming predominately urban. When farmers have an opportunity to gain political stature, they must not let it slip.

When a governor aware of farmers' problems speaks for the well-being of their state, they must back their man or perhaps forfeit their chances of participating effectively in the political decisions of the future.

As the editor of a magazine dedicated to the over all welfare of farm and rural people, we are obligated to put their interests above all other considerations.

We cannot speak only of what is safe for us. We must speak for what is best for them and for all the 200,000 farm and rural families that make up *The Carolina Farmer* family.

The goals the Governor has set for his administration and North Carolina are goals that will benefit farm and rural people.

Every tax proposal he has recommended is necessary in realizing these goals.

We would be less than honest if we did not take a stand.

We stand with the Governor.

Let's stand together and put North Carolina first.

—*Jim Chaney*

TARHEEL RURAL LINES

reports on events of importance to rural electric co-op members/by J. C. Brown Jr.

CP&L Opposes Creeping Independence for Co-ops

UTILITY PROPAGANDISTS employ an adjective-laced black and white language that should leave little doubt about how the combatants view themselves and "those others." For many years, the selfish, profiteering, monopolistic, commerical power companies seldom mentioned us locally-owned, locally-managed, non-profit, democratic rural electric cooperatives without equating us with "creeping socialism." This made us mad, since along with 91.27 per cent of the public, we were against socialism and the regimentation it connotes. So we would go to great lengths to point out that we were the very essence of democracy and independence. Recently, it has become evident that we have been counter-attacking the wrong part of speech. Clearly, it is not the direct object but the modifying adjective which the power companies view as a threat to the Grand Old Flag. Socialism doesn't frighten them at all. It's the thought of something creeping that sends them riding to every village and farm.

IN THE 89th and 90th Congresses, the rural electric cooperatives and the Administration backed a bill which meant creeping independence for the rural electrics. A modest investment by the federal government would have permitted the REA borrowers to establish their own bank. In time, they would have been able to own the bank, and no longer need to borrow federal funds for the construction necessary to meet the increasing power needs of rural America.

A principal spokesman against creeping independence for the rural electrics was Shearon Harris, president of the Carolina Power & Light Company. The rural electric bank bill is not creeping now. It's dead. Blocked by the power companies, the rural electrics turned to another instrument to assist them in raising part of their capital. It won't provide as much as the original bank bill, and it slows the pace of the cooperatives toward independence to a squirming action, which we hope is more acceptable to the power companies than a creeping motion.

IT WAS ONLY this year that we realized how intent the power companies are in stamping out creeping, wherever it might occur. Having successfully impeded the rural electrics' creep toward independence, the power companies then turned their opposition to a similar move by the rural telephone cooperatives.

In February, the House Agriculture Committee began hearings on a bill which would give the rural telephone cooperatives an opportunity to set up their own bank. Who shows up to oppose the bill but Mr. Harris, speaking for the Edison Electric Institute, which is the private power companies' lobby against creeping, crawling, galloping, and other forms of progress not propelled by the IOU'S special brand of red, white and free-enterprise kilowatts.

There being no competition between telephone systems and the electric companies, we must look for a more subtle reason for the power monopoly's willingness to spend customers' money and officials' time dabbling in telephone business. A congenital fear of creeping makes as much sense as any other answer.

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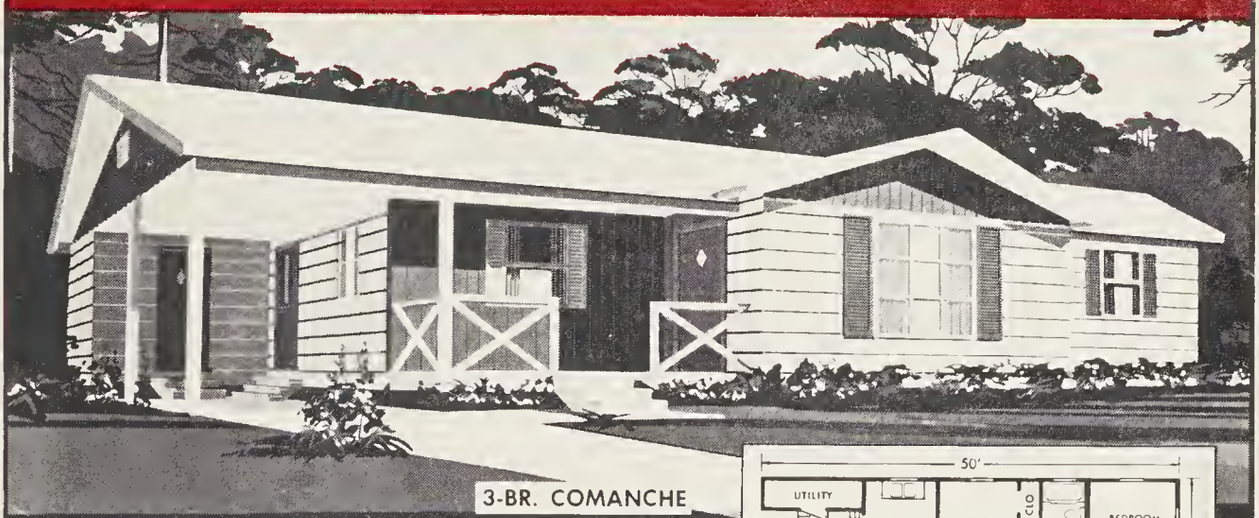

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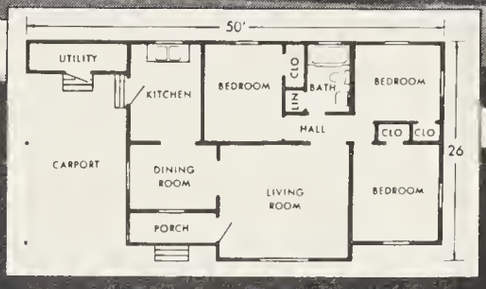

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Let the Old Rural Way Rest in Peace

A North Carolinian who has earned an international reputation as a rural sociologist kills the myth that rural America is dead. But plans for improving life must not be aimed, he stresses, at restoring the old rural ways. For rural communities to truly develop, he says, certain qualities must be established and the communities must recognize the earned *worth of every person in them.*

By Selz C. Mayo

Rural America is not dead, far from it — rural America is still virile, dynamic. But efforts to improve the economy of rural Americans must not be instigated on the assumption that the old, the past rural life either can or should be restored. Let that rural way of life rest in peace — a new rural life must be envisioned. A new rural community must be visualized and developed deliberately and rationally.

Having observed the rural scene for many years, I have concluded that it is reasonable to believe that many so-called improvement projects and programs have not reached their full potential because of the failure to set forth the specific living goals for which we are striving. We can't do very much about improving a bug, or anything else, until we decide what kind of a bug we want and for what purpose the bug is to serve.

If we are to achieve in rural America the better conditions we want for rural people, we must work through rural communities. And we must have as our goals five qualities: (1) Leaders who see and understand the whole community; (2) A relatively stable but developing economy; (3) A collective way of solving problems or a constructive approach to problem-solving; (4) A strong sense of community loyalty, and (5) A social climate in which the dignity and worth of the individual is given high priority.

Current available data from a host of field studies show there has been a rapid shift, during recent years, from the leader-generalist to the leader-specialist. Such leaders as the latter tend to specialize, i.e., exert significant influence in a specific area of community life.

The emergence of the leader-specialist presents both advantages and disadvantages for the rural community. Its great advantage is that of a greater depth of knowledge and understanding in a specialized area. One of the obvious disadvantages is that great gaps may occur so that little leadership is provided in some areas of life and labor in the community.

These rapid changes in the leader-system of operation in the community do, however, bring to the forefront the necessity of educational institutions such as our Land-Grant Universities undertaking a continuous program of training and retraining rural community leaders. Historically, of course, this has been one of the missions of such institutions; but, the need now is very much greater than ever before.

These rural leaders must be trained and retrained in their own areas of specialization, but they must be trained to see the whole community and to understand the relationship of their special areas to the other parts, elements and forces which comprise a whole community.

In many rural communities both the time and the space orientations of leaders must be changed. Observations show quite conclusively that many rural leaders have either a present or a past orientation for the community. The thinking process-attitudes and values—must be changed in terms of exhibiting a *future* orientation. Also, many rural leaders show a localistic space orientation. These leaders must understand that the rural community cannot go it alone. Every rural community is a part of a larger whole in terms of every aspect of life and labor. There is an urgent necessity for rural leaders to understand the growing interdependency of one community to adjacent communities and especially the larger community.

Dr. Irwin T. Sanders points out in "Making Good Communities Better" that "sound community life must be based on job opportunities, adequate payrolls, and industry diversified enough to cushion the community from the ups and downs of business cycles. Besides these, there must be enough taxable property fairly assessed to pay for the government services demanded in every modern town."

As agriculture changed, thousands (really millions) of young people were "released" from agricultural production pursuits. Efficiency in the production of agricultural commodities was far ahead of the leaders' thought patterns in other sectors of the economy. Hundreds of rural communities in almost every state were left with a gap, a gulf, or a yawning chasm in the economy. These young people were not needed on the small, family farms. On the other hand, there were no job opportunities in other sectors of the economy to absorb these achieving youths.

The results were destructive for hundreds, thousands of rural communities: the young people left, migrated to urban centers in search for an opportunity to lead a rewarding, productive life.

If this migration from rural communities is to be stopped, rural communities must be revitalized—a new rural community must be developed to supplant the old.

The new rural community obviously will be much larger than the former community. Secondary rather than primary relationships will prevail, will be the norm. This new rural community will have a relatively stable but developing economy. The new economy, however, in general will be based on a specific mixture of agricultural production, manufacturing, and a wide variety of service industries.

A collective way of solving problems will be vital to the development process. As Dr. Sanders has pointed out, "even good communities have problems; in fact, they appear to have more problems than apathetic towns

because they tend to recognize and face up to more. But they have worked out a collective way of tackling problems. That is why good communities continue to become better."

Every community development effort rests firmly on a base of interested citizens. Rural America basically is comprised of a multitude of neighborhoods and relatively small communities. And many, perhaps most of these, are not legal structures—unincorporated. This means that for a host of such ecological entities there is no formal government below the county level.

In these situations, it is necessary that a voluntary structure be instituted so that many problems can be solved through an organized effort. Such a voluntary organizational structure is of utmost importance in order that one might join hands with another (or others) to solve mutual problems which require more resources than those available in a single unit. Even in the legally constituted communities there is an urgent need for a voluntary citizens committee which may perform a host of functions.

In many cases, a well-organized community council can offer an appropriate solution; and, of course, the actual structure may take other or many forms.

Rural America can overcome these obstacles in terms of the current available state of many facilities, services and opportunities. With appropriate cooperative linkages, they can move forward out of the state of "having been left behind" in our democratic society.

Discussing the importance of community loyalty, Professor Sanders has pointed up that "community loyalty is strong in those towns which are democratically organized, where the people understand what is going on. They know how the support of sound community programs benefits their farming, their business, their schools, their churches, and their home life."

A strong sense of community loyalty does not mean blind adherence to the status quo. In fact, "loyalty," as I visualize it, embodies a full recognition of

Rural America is not dead; better planning and fresh outlooks are all it needs.

problems, obstacles and barriers while at the same time viewing improved systems of life and labor — better systems of opportunities.

In this context, loyalty means living with a sense of discontent, but a discontent mirrored in an image of potentiality. In a somewhat different context, community loyalty means a social climate in which there is a "willingness to consider" important issues. Loyalty cannot be developed in a climate of separateness or ambiguity.

Community loyalty is developed and fostered in a framework of *understanding* which is widely shared throughout the community. Loyalty means, also, a willingness to share one's talents and resources; and, it has been shown that in such a climate, talents and resources are recognized and multiplied.

In most of our rural communities, loyalty must be equated with the need for change. This is a simple concept, but it is often very difficult to implement. It is important that leaders understand the source of loyalty—the citizens must be made aware of and have a hand in the process of arriving at solutions.

A good community must have a social climate in which the dignity and worth of the individual is given high priority. Rural America has been the very foundation of a democratic society on the one hand, while on the other, it has been the trampling and stifling ground for individual growth and development.

The stratification or class structure in rural America, especially in the Southern region, has been all pervasive. Multitudes have been bound up, i.e., given little or no opportunity for either growth or development. Self-expression has been denied on every hand, and background has usually been given priority over the individual as a person. Total "life chances" have been related to the position on the status hierarchy and millions of rural Americans have becn denied access to the escalators of upward mobility.

In this respect, fortunately, rural America and urban America alike are changing. Citizens of a good community in the future—rural and urban—will recognize the necessity of providing a climate which provides an individual a position of dignity based on his *earned* dignity and worth. America in general and rural America in particular will be the richer for providing an environment in which individual growth and development may take piace.

(Dr. Mayo is head of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at North Carolina State University, Raleigh. His article is adapted from comments he prepared for a panel on rural problems.

C Ben Jones He Wants To C U

You've read again and again about old fashion country stores. Ben Jones' place is the country store today. Types like him are as familiar at the crossroads of North Carolina as the filling station emporiums they operate. Most such businesses are well-kept and well-managed. Ben's customers like his just the way it is.

You expected things like it from Ben Jones. He was one for jokes and such, and if his people hadn't already had a mortgage on that Eastern North Carolina farm he grew up on they probably would have sent him to college. He had a way with books as he had with jokes.

He had a head on him and he was smart enough to realize while he was still a boy that farming and raising tobacco were becoming more and more torturous ways to a living. As soon as he could find another way he took it.

He did it the summer after he left school. I'm going to work for old man Adams, he announced one day; there're too many mouths to feed on one tobacco crop, and I'm the hungry kind. So he did what he said he would do and by the time he was called in the Draft in 1942 he was as good at old man Adams' business, which was running a store and filling station at the crossroads, as the old man himself.

He Was A Talker

He was more filled out when he came back from the Army and more certain about things. He still was one for joking, though, and he had become a talker who could make people want to listen. There was something else, too. He had managed to save most of his Army pay and he got the terminal leave pay soldiers got then for being in the war, and he knew what he wanted to do with the money.

Old man Adams was showing his age by then, and Ben Jones made him a proposition. It worked out to Ben buying out the old man, some in cash and some to be paid out of the store profits.

About the first thing Ben did was to get new signs, and on the big one, set up on the roof so you could see it coming either way, he had the sign painter put: "C Ben Jones—He wants to C U."

Everybody who knew Ben had to laugh, and people who didn't know him but saw the sign would laugh. And Ben laughed, seeing as he had suspected that a little fun was good for business.

What's the C for, they'd ask him. For Cash, Ben would say. Cash is what it takes to keep you going and credit is what puts you in the hole.

What's In A Name

Everybody would laugh at that too. But they kept wanting to know what the C was really for; he'd always been Ben or Benjamin. Where did he get the C? From Cyrus, he would tell them sometimes: my ma called me that for the man who was an inventor. Or Cicero, he would say another time; the preacher had my folks call me that because it sounded impressive. And nobody knew which if either version was true.

The store he had under the sign was like any you see around the crossroads across the state. It was out from town, close enough to be handy and far enough so the competition didn't hurt it. There were, as there usually are at such stores, gas pumps out front, and gasoline signs and racks for motor oil and tires. On one side there was an old grease pit. On the other there were used and broken down appliances like electric stoves and washing machines and a collection of old 60-gallon drums and old crates.

Out behind you could see a hog pen and a shed which usually had in it a cow or calf Ben had taken in trade or bought to butcher. Scattered all around were soft drink bottles, empty motor oil cans, junk and boxes.

It didn't look like Ben was running a beauty project or, when you compared the place to places in town, much of a business either.

All in a Sign

But up there, on the roof, over it all, was the sign:

C Ben Jones—He Wants to CU.

Inside Ben had everything in as big a muddle as out. There was rat poison for sale on a rack on one side of the cash register and headache powders on the other. There were candy bars in one part of a glass showcase and soap and socks in another part. There was a wooden bucket of salted fish on the floor and a couple of salt-lick blocks for livestock beside it. There were overalls, oatmeal, cheese, hams, shoes, bridles, an ice cream box, canned goods, a meat counter, electric ranges and appliances, prunes, a soft drink box, and gloves and baby bottles and patent medicines, all stirred up together, sitting here, hanging there, or on top of one another as though all had been brought inside in a hurry and never put away.

The customers were mostly country folks. They'd come early in the morning as if to get primed for work. Sometimes, they'd come back around noon for a bottle of pop and a pack of crackers or cup cakes. In the evenings they'd come back to sit.

As time wore on a different kind began coming. They'd pop in businesslike for a loaf of bread or a carton of milk, or the fixings for a quick lunch, and perhaps gasoline for their lawn mowers. They were the new kind in rural North Carolina, the kind who live out of the towns and have jobs in them.

Seven Days a Week

Saturdays were Ben's busy days. A lot of the business places in the towns and cities had taken to closing Saturday afternoons, and places like Ben's got the trade: Folks in rural sections, still liked to go to the store, to sit if not always to shop, Saturday afternoons and evenings. Sundays were slow, with most customers just hanging around for want of a better place to kill time, and now and then a car would stop to get gas, or pop or candy or bread.

Weekdays, Saturdays, Sundays, mornings and nights, Ben was always there. Often the customers

knew so well where in the muddle to find things they'd wait on themselves. So the hours were not too wearing on Ben, but he was always there, leaning over the counter, or wrapping up an order of fatback at the meat counter, or standing by the cash register, talking and joking.

If somebody came in and wanted a horse collar for a mule, Ben had it, maybe hanging hidden by some raincoats or plant bed cloth, but there. If somebody wanted a freezer, Ben had it or would get it. If it was liver or if it was beans, it was there. And has his business grew, Ben invested the profits in farmland, becoming as busy a farming operator as a merchant.

A Changing Scene

For as long as Ben had lived in the county, the roads that made the crossroads at his place had run past farms and tobacco fields, and mules had been in the barns, and pigs in the hog pens near each of the barns on each of the farms, with a scrawny cow or two in the pastures.

The tobacco fields were mostly gone now, along with a lot of the people who had tended them. Houses with carports and picture windows had taken the land, and the people instead of living on the land were working in towns or as far off as Raleigh in businesses and offices.

And Ben grew older and stouter, and the sign faded and was repainted, to fade and be painted again. Each time with the same words:

C Ben Jones—He wants to CU.

The C didn't stand strictly for Cash anymore but for Credit, too. By now Ben had most of his customers on the books. When they'd buy something, he'd take a ledger out from under the counter and write down the purchase on a different page under each customer's name.

The roads changed, the farms gave way more and more to houses for people working away from the land. Ben grew fatter and his business did too, and some of those who came in regularly began to realize they'd heard some of his jokes before.

In the town down the road, as in some other small towns in North Carolina, merchants were finding their old customers dwindling and the new ones taking to shopping in Raleigh, or the nearest big

If it could be had for sale, Ben probably carried it—or knew where to get it.

town. The old firms along main street began to fade away. The big general store on main street was turned into a place for storage. The movie theater had closed at four or five years back, and the dry goods store had nothing behind its locked doors but dust and counters to show what it had been. The competition of the big stores in the cities, and the changing ways that carried people to cities to buy, had hurt. Even the businesses that had survived the depression were losing to the roving wheels of the automobile.

For Something Forgotten

But Ben's business grew, as it has grown at many stores like his out from the towns at the many crossroads of rural North Carolina. When suburbia took the farm lands, Ben's place and the places like it were there to catch the trade, supplying in the off hours and the days the city stores would close, the loaf of bread or pound of weiners that had been forgotten, or the bottle of pop or package of cake mix you might buy on an impulse.

By now the sign on the top of the place was so familiar, Ben very seldom was asked about the C. Anyhow, the business on the books became so much more the rule than cash that the joke Ben used to make wouldn't hold.

They were sitting around in the place, as they always did on Saturdays, with Ben talking and joking by the cash register, when this fellow came in. He looked like he was selling something. But he wasn't, he told Ben; he was just looking around.

Help yourself, Ben told him, and then, laughing, went into a story about how a stranger once had come looking and had asked for the wrong thing at a country store. It was one of Ben's jokes, that story of the stranger, and by the time he'd finished telling it Ben and everybody in the place, this fellow and the bench warmers, was laughing.

Couldn't help noticing your sign, the fellow said. What's the C stand for?

A Truth Revealed

Ben thought a minute and began as if he was going to tell his joke about Cash and Credit. Then suddenly stopped.

Not for anything, he said. Just some foolishness. I just had it put on there for foolishness, sort of to make a slogan. Fact is my name has an F in it: Benjamin F. for Franklin Jones.

Maybe you were right and didn't know it, the fellow said. That C could stand for a lot of things about C, from what I can see, and this place of yours. Things like C for *casual* and for *commerce* at the *crossroads*, and maybe for *continuity* because tied up here is what used to be with what is and what things are coming to. And, looking around, at the clutter, he grinned and said, and maybe also for *confusion*.

But looking at you, I'd say more likely it's a C for *contentment*.

You have found your place in a C for *changing* world about you and you are C for *content* to let things go as they will.

Some of the bench warmers weren't sure whether to laugh or wonder. But the fellow laughed and kind of nervously they all began laughing, too.

It was kind of a joke on the crossroads' biggest joker.

And Ben, because he was smart enough to know when he'd been topped, laughed as if he'd made the joke himself.

Jim Craney

Go Tell It On The Mountain

Architect's drawing of first stage of Young Life Camp in Buncombe County

Young Life in the Southeast will soon be able to "go tell it on the mountain."

In late 1965, the late Horace Hull of Memphis, Tenn., gave $150,000 to launch the Young Life of the Southeast Camp project. In 1966, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Douglas of Tampa, Fla., contributed 2,000 acres of wooded mountain land above Asheville, in the upper Flat Creek section, as a site for the camp.

Asheville Contracting Company pledged $25,000 of road work and grading, and over $30,000 from other contributions are now at work to create one of the finest recreational camp areas in the nation.

The first portions of the camp are to be opened in late summer of this year. Initial construction is expected to cost about $25,000 and will include cottage-type buildings to accommodate eight to ten youngsters and a counselor in each, a dining hall for 175 people, a meeting hall and complete recreational facilities.

When the initial portion of the project is completed there will be an investment of approximately $1 million. As part of the future plans of the Young Life of the Southeast, there will be constructed an adult center where parents and friends will come on vacation and see first hand the camp activities of the teenagers. This phase of the project is expected to require an additional investment of $1 million.

The entire project will be served total electric by French Broad EMC of Marshall. The development of the Young Life of the Southeast Camp on the scenic Buncombe County location will bring to seven the number of teenage resorts operated by Young Life, a non-denominational organization concentrating on unchurched teenagers.

The best known of the Young Life resorts are the three ranches in Colorado, to which many Western North Carolina high school students have gone. Young Life is 27 years old and maintains a year round program for teenagers. Although the summer activities are more widely known, the group conducts weekly meetings for high school groups and it has been active in Western North Carolina for several years.

In each community where Young Life works the program is sponsored by a committee of business and professional men who are members of various churches. The national board also is made up of men from a variety of Christian denominations and several walks of life.

The resident manager of the Young Life Camp of the Southeast is Richard A. Griffith. He, Mrs. Griffith and their four children live at the site of the camp. An active member of the Presbyterian Church, Griffith first came to the French Broad area in 1961. He graduated last June from Asheville-Biltomore College. He has been very active in Young Life for the past five years and has accompanied youngsters to Colorado for summer visits.

"The Electrifier," the French Broad EMC newsletter, featured the Young Life Camp in its March issue.

"We at French Broad Electric," the Electrifier said, "are pleased to serve this fine youth center for the Southeast. Western North Carolina will receive much benefit from the services provided to the young people by this camp. The hills are old, but the life is young."

Western North Carolina Looks Up

R. C. Sheffield, manager of Haywood Electric Membership Corporation of Waynesville, made some enlightening and useful observations in a recent issue of Haywood EMC's newsletter on the ways area and community development associations are promoting rural progress. We are reprinting his article here because it shows so constructively what can be accomplished when rural people and organizations apply the magic of cooperative effort.

Community Teamwork Promotes Rural Development Through Area and Community Development Program

R. C. Sheffield

One of the most exciting and important developments in North Carolina during recent years has been the formation of area and community Development Associations covering our state from the mountains, in the West, to the seacoast, in the East.

The first of these area Development Associations, the Asheville Agricultural Council, was formed over 18 years ago, and is composed of the 18 westernmost counties in the state.

The first organized rural community associations in North Carolina were also formed in the western part of the state. About 115 rural communities in the 18 counties of the Western North Carolina area are organized in this program and have rallied around the challenging slogan, "there is no limit to what a community can do — if it wants to." Recognition awards are presented on both a county and an area basis to the organized communities making the greatest progress each year. Business and civic organizations in the various towns and counties in Western North Carolina will provide from $9,000 to $10,000 in such awards in 1969 on a local basis, and in addition, area awards of nearly $7,000 have already been pledged and are being offered this year.

The aim of the area development program when launched was to help develop opportunities for increased farm income and to stimulate rural programs through a teaming up of business and industry with the farms and agricultural agencies in the area. Another purpose of the community development program is to bring about closer cooperation and planning in solving community needs and in meeting opportunities on a local level.

That the area has made very significant farm income gains during recent years is shown by looking at the records. Cash farm receipts in the 18-county Western North Carolina area nearly tripled in the period 1950 through 1968, going from $38 million in 1950 to $100 million in 1968. Almost every conceivable type of improvement is being made. Whether the people are building a community center, repairing a church, cleaning off a playground, building a curb market, holding community meetings, helping the needy people in the community, or gathering corn for a sick neighbor, the important thing is that each community has accepted the responsibilities for its own progress.

These communities have reached back into the past and recaptured the art of working together. Around 90 community centers have been built, roadsides have been landscaped and improved, and beautiful community signs and road markers have been erected. Rural cemeteries have been reclaimed and the wilderness of neglect, and rural churches have been transformed into inviting houses of worship.

Basic to much of the rural progress being made in Western North Carolina during the past 18 years has been the interest stimulated in progress by competition among organized rural communities, on both a county and area basis. Effects of this progress have extended far beyond the boundaries of individual communities. Development of the area has progressed at a rapid pace, bringing greater economic and social opportunities and stability to all. *—R. C. Sheffield*

Return of the Horse

by Sylvia Craven

Sylvia Craven and her husband, columnist Charles Craven, have settled on 11 acres outside Raleigh with their five children. Sylvia rade horses as a child and now has twa horses far her children.

Don't look now but he's coming back. Who? The horse of course.

It takes only a fleeting glance at today's countryside to become aware of his reinstatement.

Today's equine population, however, might be described as a "horse of a different color." Gone is the old dray Nell and Ed, the faithful mule. Now it's Fancy Girl, Apache and Cognac who listen to the rumble of the tractor while they enjoy pasture nibbling or a comfortable stall. Add to this a few hours a week of human companionship and it's obvious the horse's lot has vastly improved.

The 4-H Club offers one indication of how the horse fever is spreading. When the horse project was first offered in this state in 1965 some 900 boys and girls enrolled. That figure is now on its way to tripling.

Another sign is the increased popularity of the State Fair Horse Show. According to Mrs. H. A. Bashford, secretary to the show committee, 750 entries are expected for the upcoming third annual event. They started in 1967 with 176 entries.

North Carolina State University reports that we now have the fastest growing horse population in the South. Dr. E. R. Barrick, head of the animal husbandry division, said, "We started a horse management course in 1966 — it was an instant sellout."

Back in 1920 the U.S. Agriculture Department counted 25 million horses and mules in the United States. At their last count in 1959 this figure had declined to three million. While there are no official figures today, people directly concerned, feed manufacturers, research consultants, 4-H Club and show officials, commonly agree that the population is around seven million.

Today's pleasure horse owner spends roughly $540 a year for feeding and stabling and services by veterinarians and blacksmiths. This does not include expenditures for tack, clothing, club fees, insurance, trailers, etc.

Cashing in on the horse boom for additional farm income has its possibilities and its pitfalls. The majority of people who have had this experience agree you have to love horses because that's where you will find most of your profit.

Why then such a resurgence of horses? Some explanations are increased leisure time and movement to the suburbs where there is open land and freedom to ride. And still with us is that age old mysticism that exists between a twelve-year-old girl and a horse. This brings to mind such a girl who gave her daddy a big hug after an afternoon of riding. "Whew!" he said, "You smell just like a horse." "O Daddy, do you really think so? O thank you!"

Hors

The Carolina Homemaker

Edited By Betty McBride

What's happening when a 14-year-old girl is out of bed at 6:00 a.m., all the shampoo in the medicine cabinet is missing and her room smells like old leather boots.

She's preparing for a horse show. The shampoo is to wash her horse and she's been polishing her boots.

She is a victim of a mysterious disease called "horse fever" which has all sorts of healthy symptoms. The victims stay outside for long hours in the sunshine, they get tremendous amounts of

Mrs. Craven's girls, Anne and Cathy, groom their horse Lady.

Happy

exercise, and they eat "like a horse" at the end of the day.

For parents who have fears of their children contracting "horse fever," owning a horse has many benefits for a boy or girl.

Horseback riding is a healthy sport. Riding a horse out in the country gives anyone a feeling of well-being. Then many boys and girls find fun and excitement competing in the many weekend horse shows in the summer throughout North Carolina.

Caring for a horse — feeding, grooming and exercising — gives a child a sense of responsibility. Children also find good companionship in the friendship they build with their own horse.

If you have an available field or shelter or know of a stable nearby, start looking for a horse. Visit stables around your area. Let people know you are looking for a horse, then keep your eyes and ears open.

The formula for a happy child-horse pair is to fit the age and riding experience of the child to the horse.

A beginning rider needs a gentle, well-trained older horse. The horse should not be under seven and not over fourteen years old. An older horse is usually quiet and sensible.

A horse that is too young and too spirited frightens a young, beginning rider. He may feel like he will never learn to ride or beome too frighten to ever ride again.

It is a sound idea financially to buy a horse that suits the riding experience of your child. If the child has enjoyed the horse for several years, cared for it well, there will be no problem in selling the horse to some other beginning rider.

When you have found a horse that suits you and is in your price range, go and try him out. If you are seriously interested in the horse, any owner will be happy for your child to ride him.

Watch the horse when he is being saddled and bridled. No one wants a horse that kicks or bites when he is being handled.

If the child is an inexperienced rider take someone along to ride the horse first and judge it too. Then let the child ride the horse by himself.

Before you buy, have a veterinarian check the general health of the horse, especially his eyesight, his heart and wind and the condition of his legs and hooves. When the vet says the horse is sound, you know you are buying a healthy horse.

Not girl talk, saddles, bridles and horse talk Saturday morning at the stables.

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Best of Books

A good mystery is the best of books. Millions of Americans enjoy them. Some of the nation's best-read and most prominent people are avid mystery fans, and mystery writers rank among the luminaries in literature.

If you haven't read a mystery lately, you should treat yourself to THE VALENTINE VICTIM by Douglas McLeish (Houghton Mifflin Co., 201 pages, $4.95). The victim is a young woman engaged to be married who is killed while preparing to go to a Valentine party. McLeish tells the story with suspense and imagination. You'll find yourself as puzzled as Inspector Rodericks by the case, and you'll want McLeish to bring the inspector back in a series.

Macbeth Bain knew he was taking a chance when he answered the ad in the "London Daily Telegram." But it offered a chance of a job and Bain, in DEAD STRAIGHT by Donald MacKenzie (Houghton Mifflin Co., 209 pages, $4.95), was desperate. Was there a catch to it? Was there a reason that Bain, not long out of prison and with a spotted record, should be hired as a companion for an attractive widow? When the widow is murdered, Bain is the obvious suspect. "Dead Straight" is an example of mystery fiction at its finest, a story that succeeds in holding your interest from chapter I dead straight through the action of the final paragraphs.

For Tar Heel humor, try SALT OF LIFE by Howard Murry (147 pages. $3.25). North Carolina's mountaineers have a brand of humor and a way of telling stories all their own. This little book presents some examples along with scenic watercolors for illustrations. SALT OF LIFE may be ordered from John F. Blair, Publisher, 404 North Carolina National Bank Bldg., Winston-Salem, N.C. 27101.

(Books reviewed in this column may be ordered at most stores upon request.)

Free Patterns

Sweater Set

Dress baby in this pale yellow "honeycomb set" for his first social call. The outfit includes sacque, cap, mittens and bootees.

Playful Puppy

This impish pup knows the way to a child's heart. This toy can be made with a crochet hook and yarn. His features are felt.

Carriage Shawl

Airy pattern and feathery texture of this fan-stitch carriage shawl appears so delicate knit in baby wool in a pastel color.

Cap and Mittens

For baby's first winter, a cap and mitten set to keep him, or her, warmly happy on outings. Set is knit of washable yarn.

To:
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This pattern offer expires July 15, 1969.

Please send me the pattern instructions I have checked below. I am enclosing a long, stamped, self-addressed envelope bearing a 6-cent stamp. (Two such envelopes are required for more than 4 patterns).

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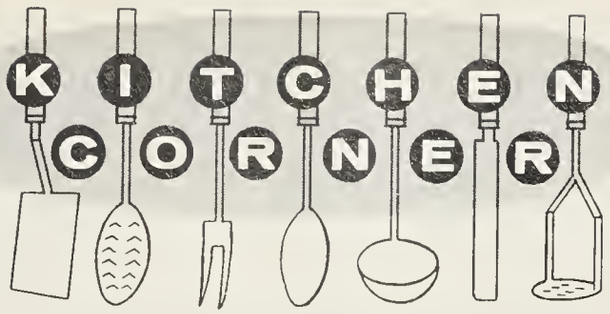

DOUBLE DECKER STRAWBERRY PIE

Strawberry season is here. Mrs. Dora Mae Parnell of High Point has sent us an unusual recipe that uses both fresh and cooked strawberries.

Mrs. Parnell writes, "This strawberry pie is delicious warm or chilled. The blend of fresh and cooked berries gives it a very fresh taste and a bright fresh color. I never hesitate to serve it to guests. Warm or chilled the pie slices beautifully."

Mrs. Parnell and her husband have one son, Zane, age 9. The Parnells are members of Davidson EMC.

If you have a favorite recipe you'd like to share through this column, send it to: Betty McBride, Kitchen Corner, P.O. Box 1699, Raleigh, N.C. Tell us something about yourself and family and give us the name of your electric membership corporation. We pay $2 for the recipe chosen monthly for this column.

CAROLINA FARMER RECIPE

Submitted by Mrs. Dora Mae Parnell, Rt. 2, Box 342, High Point, North Carolina.

DOUBLE DECKER STRAWBERRY PIE

1 c. sugar
1 tbsp. cornstarch
1 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 qt. strawberries
1/4 to 1/2 c. water
1 9-inch baked pie shell
whipped cream

Wash berries. Put 1 pint of the fresh berries (whole or halved) in baked pie shell. Mix cornstarch and water. Crush or chop remaining berries. Cook cornstarch mixture, berries, sugar, butter and lemon juice over low heat until thickened stirring often. Cool, pour over berries in pie shell. Top with whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

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MOTHER'S DAY

I suppose children make the most of Mother's Day.
Sons and daughters logically are the ones to pay the honors
And send flowers and bring presents.
But as a father I must say
Nobody in a family counts on mother more than father.
Like when mother is in the hospital
And father has to manage the household
And see that the homework is done
And get the kids off to school
And see that they eat and wash and dress as mother says they should.
And mother, returning home, her ailment cured, finds so much undone.
But wisely makes no complaint.
On Mother's Day it's the children
Who give mothers things, like flowers.
Fathers give thanks
For the natural law that provides
Children are not born except of mothers.

Jim Chaney

A FEEL OF SPRING

Gold's love is in every flower,
It brings beauty to the trees.
God's breath is in every breeze.
And as I walk in spring's beauty,
I know God and feel at ease.

Ila Belle McMillan
Rt. 2, Box 177
Black Creek, N.C. 27207

Honored for Service

Julian Goff, staff assistant, Woodstock EMC, was presented the 1968 "Citizen of the Year" award by the Belhaven Community Chamber of Commerce for community service.

Connie Stuckey, Rt. 2, Pikeville, received a TEMA certificate for 20 years meritorious service as a director of Tri-County EMC.

Sweet Mama

A North Carolina Mother's Day Story

She had been "Sweet Mama" to them since the oldest of them had first begun to talk, and she had instilled in them, as she had in their mother, a sense of home, family and North Carolina. Her story is a Mother's Day story not only for those whose family memories go back to the North Carolina of yesterday but also for those of younger years who wonder how it was when mother's mother lived.

Dying in the hospital bed, taking oxygen under the transparent tent, she looked paler and more fragile than any of them could remember.

She lay motionless and silent. Now and then she would open her eyes. She seemed unaware they were in the room with her.

"She doesn't know anybody," they whispered. "She'd say something if she did."

And she lay there unknowing, neither seeing nor hearing as far as they could tell, while they stood unsure whether to leave her or stay.

When she was born, more than 90 years ago in Warren County, no one then living could have foreseen oxygen tents or intravenous fluids. Nobody could have foretold she or anyone else of her day would lie wasting and unaware in a hospital. In her day, you were born at home, you gave birth at home, you were sick at home, and when the end came, unless it came by war or accident, you died at home.

In her day, home was the beginning, the center and the ending of North Carolina life, and Warren County and the other eastern counties where *homeplace* was a word with meaning were bound in vines of kinships. North Carolina was not merely a political division; it was also a family. If you were a Jones, you need not explain your antecedents; everybody knew them. There might be strangers, perhaps when people met away from home, or ran into one another on trips to the county seat or once in a while to Raleigh, but if they stopped to talk long enough they would discover they were cousins.

When somebody like William Polk or Gerald Johnson wrote a book, or a Smith or a Parker did well or poorly, or Judge Kerr's boy went into politics, cousins they might not have heard of shared their glories and commiserated in their miseries.

You weren't Lucy Jones or Henry Wilson. You were Franklin Jones' daughter or so and so's grandchild or the nephew of Lawyer Wilson.

Now she lay there, a frail and silent relic of her yesterdays, under sedatives, a white-haired shadow of herself, covered over like her great grandchildren's Easter baskets under the cellophane-like transparency of the oxygen tent.

She was nearly as far and as long from home as she ever had been. In nearly all of her more than 90 years she seldom had been more than a day's journey or a night's rest away. And when she was, she usually was with somebody in her family or those who had known her so well and so long they were as close as relatives.

War had taken her sons farther. Their jobs had too. But they had returned. In the pattern so true to her North Carolina, neither sons nor daughters went so far or stayed so long that she did not see them often.

True to her North Carolina and her generation, she could recall the times when people on holidays went to the mineral springs and carefully, self-consciously explained the waters were good for their health. The war for her was not those wars fought across oceans; it was the War when the Yankees came and her father or grandfather did this or said that and Cousin Mary's mother hid the silver and had the house servants take the horses into the woods.

They watched her, and they stood by the door of her hospital room and along the walls.

"The nurse said," one of them told the others, "that she knew who she was last night."

And another said quietly expanding the nervous, whispered conversation, "She took some water on a spoon."

It's remarkable, they agreed, how she has managed to stay on. They could not bring themselves to say what they really meant. Their tongues revolted at the cold word death.

For more than 90 years she was in the North Carolina family of interminable cousins, uncles and common memories as much a part and a symbol as the Confederate statue in the courthouse yard and the dogwood blossoms in the spring.

So many of those she had known already were gone, and so also were the life and the ways and the North Carolina of her generation.

Now she lay there unaware of both this and them. Her daughters and sons, her granddaughters who had called her "Sweet Mama" since the oldest of them had first begun to talk, her cousins, they all either were there or had been there or were waiting to come.

It was as if all that tied the old North Carolina to the new and the past of everything to the restless present waited there with her.

Back at the homeplace, her great grandchildren played, knowing only that "Sweet Mama" was sick and that their parents and grandparents seemed more than usually concerned.

And one generation lay weary but not knowing it, and two generations waited by the bedside, whispering and wondering, and a new generation played until its time would come.

And for a moment in time, time stood still, letting the old linger and the young vaguely imagine how their years would be.

—Jim Chaney

Student-Teacher Friction: What if Subject is Required?

"Evidently something has been done to cause friction between the student and teacher. The student should try to make up for it by making extra preparation for the class, whether it be studing or extra research. His participating more helpfully in class could improve his relationship with the teacher. Also, this could make a great improvement in his grades. If these methods fail, I believe the student and teacher should have a heart to heart talk so as to iron out their problem of getting along with each other."

Linda Isenhour
Rt. 3, Box 410
Statesville

Linda is 17 years old and a junior at South Iredell High School. Her hobbies are cooking, sewing and reading. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Isenhour, are served by Cornelius Electric Membership Corporation.

"Most of the time it works out by just doing all assignments and making good on the tests, and ignoring the teacher but for the subject. If this does not work, a school guidance counselor would be a good source of help. Often a talk with the teacher will help you and him to understand the problem and to solve it together."

Nancy Hayes
Rt. 1
Seagrove

Nancy is 15 years old and attends Seagrove High School. She likes working in the 4-H Club. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Elvin Hayes, are served by Randolph Electric Membership Corporation.

"Getting along with a teacher requires more of some students than others. If you really want to get along with the teacher, then you should not think of the course as required but as a subject you like. When in this teacher's class take extra pains to see that all your work is completed and your best behavior is showing. It you happen to meet him after school, try your best to be friendly —a smile is often contagious. The teacher may really like you but not quite know how to express his feelings. When the teacher calls you down for something, think about it, perhaps it was for your own good. Before you can solve the problem, you have to try to see both sides."

Catherine Draughn
Rt. 2, Box 195A
Dobson

Catherine is a junior at Surry Central High School. Her hobbies are writing short stories, reading and cooking. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grover S. Draughn, are served by Surry-Yadkin Electric Membership Corporation.

"If you have a teacher who you are not getting along with well, you should take a careful look at the way you treat your teacher and put yourself in his place. Very likely then you will understand the reasons for his actions. I think the best thing to do if the subject is required is to try to do your best to get along well in class. Make an extra effort in class to please him."

Kenneth McLamb
Rt. 3
Four Oaks

Kenneth is 16 years old and attends Meadow High School. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy S. McLamb, are served by South River Electric Membership Corporation.

Teen ROUNDTABLE

If you have a good answer, send it to THE TEEN ROUNDTABLE, The Carolina Farmer, P. O. Box 1699, Raleigh, N.C. 27602 at once. Tell us a few facts about yourself—your age, school, hobbies, etc. Include your parents' name, and the name of the electric membership corporation serving you. If your answer is published, we will send you $5.

If you want to submit a question, send it along for our statewide panel to answer. For each question used, the sender will get a $5 check. Jot yours down and send it to us right away.

NEXT QUESTION

"What can a teenager do if he is not accepted by the students in a new school?"

This question was submitted by Lynn Ramsey, who will be receiving $5 from THE CAROLINA FARMER. Lynn attends Taylorsville Junior High School. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Ramsey, are served by Davie Electric Membership Corporation.

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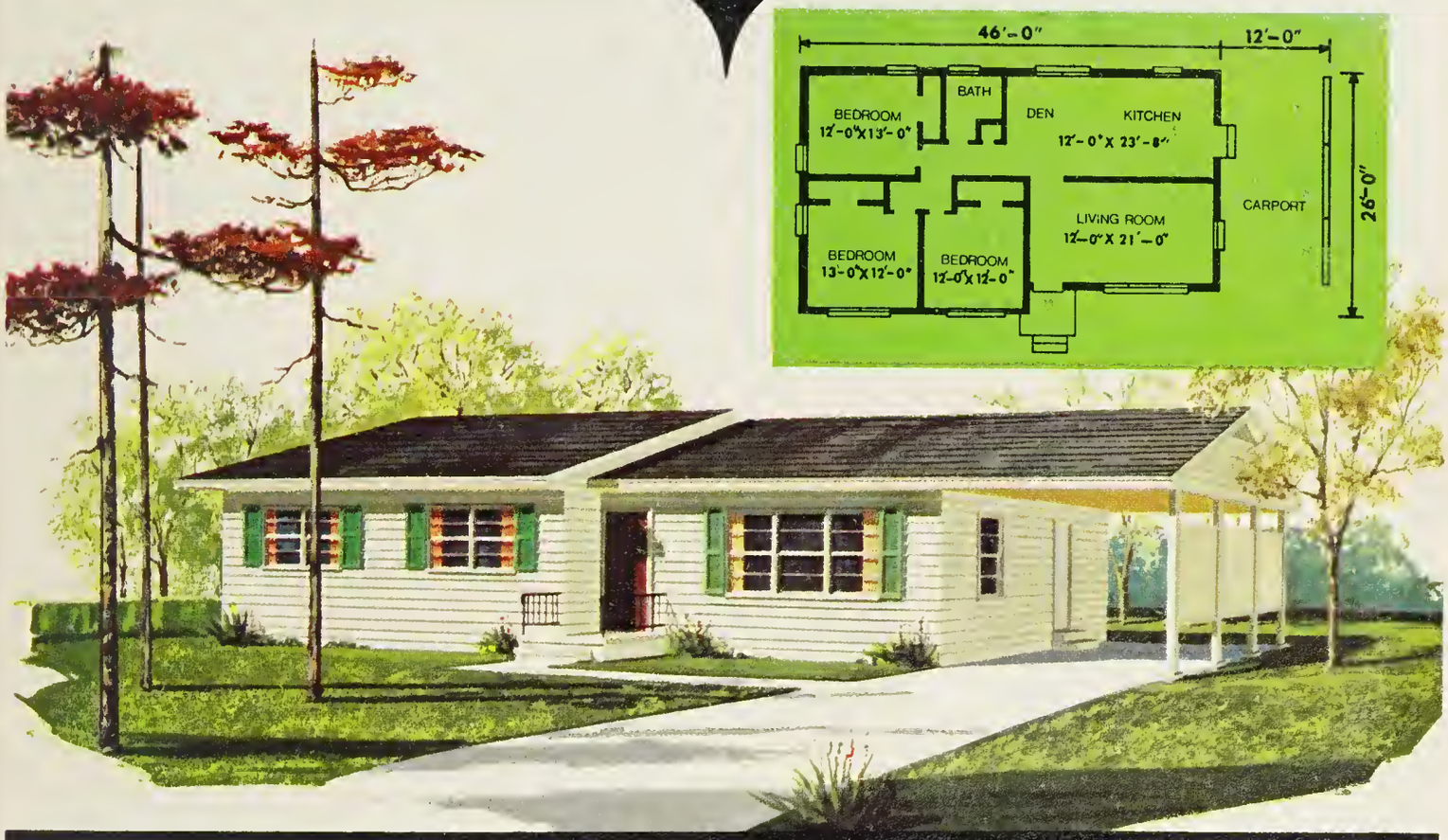

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Halifax EMC's Slade Works To Spark Area Development

RURAL ELECTRIC PROFILE

Eighteen miles north of Rocky Mount an important building project is under way. The resulting structure will symbolize 30 years of progress and an important role in the future.

The members of Halifax Electric Membership Corporation of Enfield are getting a new office building — a two-story Colonial Williamsburg design which will be the headquarters for community and area development in Martin, Halifax, Warren and Nash counties.

Manager Bog Slade spoke above the roar of the caterpillar tractor as it passed by the window. "Our new building will have a drive-up pay window for the convenience of our members," he said pointing to the blueprints stretched across his desk. "It will also have a large meeting room upstairs to provide local community and civic clubs a place to hold their meetings."

Halifax Electric's present office building has been moved back several yards to make room for the new building which will be ready by the end of the year.

Perhaps no one is prouder of the proposed new structure than Slade. He remembers the first small office in Scotland Neck and later the purchase of the present headquarters—a home in Enfield bought in 1946.

"I see our role as a service organization and as a community and area builder, Slade said. "We are a vital part and a total partner in the electric industry."

Bog Slade has made Halifax a driving force for community and area development.

For instance, he helped organize the Choanoke Area Development Association in 1961 and served as its first chairman. The association has promoted agriculture, industry, tourism and recreation in a four-county area by collecting statistical data and publishing the results for potential industries.

Slade also helped organize and serves as vice-president of Enfield Promoters, Inc. The organization was instrumental in bringing Jay Vee Brand, Inc. to Enfield. The plant manufacters infants' giftware and employs 130 people with an annual payroll of $368,000 last year. The plant will double its capacity by the end of the year.

Slade is a member of the Halifax Planning Board and is a past director of the Halifax Development Commission—a county-wide industry hunter.

He served on the Town Board for ten years, 1951-1961, before he became Mayor in 1965. Slade will retire as Mayor in May and hopes to "spend more time with development organizations." He is also a member and past president of the Lion's Club and is active in local TAP program activities.

The area served by Halifax Electric is mostly agriculture oriented. Cotton, tobacco and peanuts are the main crops. A recent member-attitude survey showed that 53 percent of Halifax's members depend on farming for their livelihood. Others are involved in agriculture oriented occupations.

With the farm population slowly diminishing, the co-op looks to increased usage by existing and new members and to the development of both Gaston and Kerr lakes to offset the loss. "Growth around Gaston Lake (in Warren County) has been very rapid the past two years," said Slade. "Many lake cottages and summer homes are being built there." He said some of the residents live as far away as Arkansas and Alabama, but most come from North Carolina and Virginia.

"We can expect a steady growth," he said. "For the past five years we have grown at the rate of nine percent per year, and we can expect this growth rate to continue." This growth is needed to offset problems inherent to the system.

Slade pointed out that the Halifax system was difficult to operate. "It is a hundred miles long and averages twenty miles wide," he said. "It stretches from Buggs Island to Oak City."

He also mentioned Halifax's low revenue per mile of line—"one of the lowest in the state," he described it. "We average only about four consumers per mile of line."

Thomas Bog Slade III was born Oct. 29, 1915 in nearby Hamilton the son of Thomas B. Slade, Jr., and Mary Gladstone Slade. His father farmed 600 acres on his Martin County farm.

He has one brother, Richard, who farms and lives in Williamston and one sister, Mrs. J. W. Purvis, Jr. of Rocky Mount.

Slade was graduated from Oak City High School in 1932 and entered the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He received his B.S. degree in electrical engineering in 1936.

After graduation he went to work as an electrician's helper with the Newport News Shipping and Dry Dock Corp. aboard the Navy aircraft carrier *Enterprise* —then under construction—which later became known as the "Fighting Lady" during World War II.

Later he returned to North Carolina to work with Carolina Sales Corporation in Greenville designing plans for air conditioning and commerical refrigeration equipment.

In June of 1938, he began work in the Photogrametric Engineering Division of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration at North Carolina State College.

On March 1, 1939 Slade came to work with Halifax Electric. "My father heard they were organizing an electric co-op here and sent word to me," he explained. "I thought I was applying for a job selling appliances in rural areas, but I was hired as Project Superintendent.

"They were still getting easements and signing up people when I arrived," he said. "I started work for $150 a month."

Slade looks back over the past

30 years of progress with amazement and pride. "It was miraculous that someone raw like me (he was only 23 at the time) and a group of farmers could organize an electric utility," he said. "That's why today's electric cooperatives constitute one of the great success stories in the history of the United States."

While readily acknowledging that a cooperative effort was necessary for the success of Halifax, he gave special praise to one man. "If I could give credit to one man it would be Balfour Dunn," he said. "He was the first President and remained in that office for 25 years. He was my second Daddy!"

Dunn had been elected Coordinator and had been the first to correspond with REA. He resigned as President in January of 1964.

Mrs. Slade is the former Myrtle Winifred Matthews and was born in Enfield. They were married April 20, 1947, at the Enfield Methodist Church.

The Slades have two daughters. Mary Penelope, 20, is a sophomore at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and Thomasine Bog, 16, is a sophomore at Enfield High School.

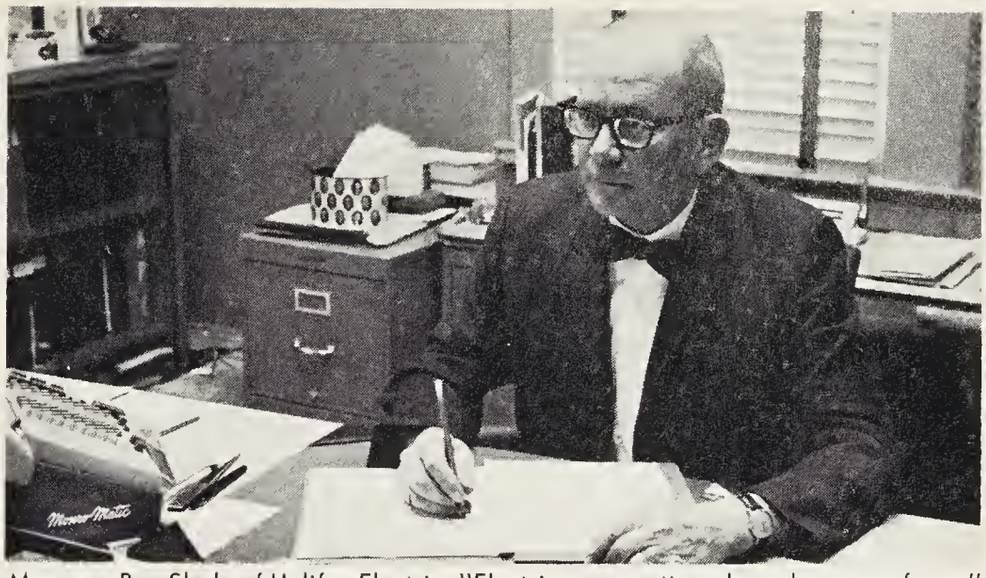
Slade's hobbies include electronics and copper tooling. He has built 14 pieces of hi-fi equipment and recently built a color television.

He and Mrs. Slade attend the Episcopal Church of the Advent in Enfield where he has served as a member of the Vestry for ten years and as Senior Warden for two.

Halifax Electric Membership Corporation was chartered Dec. 15, 1938 and its lines energized on Aug. 16, 1939 serving 700 member-consumers.

Its present directors are: A. C. Cox, Jr., Rt. 3, Enfield, president; Robert Simmons, Rt. 1, Enfield, vice-president; Frederick Williams, Rt. 3, Warrenton, secretary-treasurer; E. V. Smith Rt. 1, Oak City; G. W. King, Rt. 1, Warrenton; W. S. Smiley, Rt. 1, Macon; Stedman Kitchin, Scotland Neck; A. G. Willcox, Jr., Rt. 3, Enfield, and C. P. Pope, Rt. 1, Macon.

Since Halifax Electric's first full year of operation in 1940, the EMC's members have increased from 710 to 5,189. The average monthly use of electricity has climbed from 40 kilowatt hours to 409 kwh. And the average price per kwh has been reduced from 7.9 cents to 2.5 cents.



Manager Bog Slade of Halifax Electric: "Electric cooperatives have become of age."

In addition, the system has expanded from 350 miles of line to 1,196 miles. The co-op employs 29 people and has an annual payroll of nearly $200,000.

Sound in its financial housekeeping, Halifax has repaid $1,201,710.52 of the $3,314,000.00 it has borrowed through the years from REA, plus $674,705.00 in interest and $147,795.17 in advance payments. It has increased to 29.7 percent its member furnished equity capital and in addition has assigned $924,243.65 in margins as capital credits to members and paid $300,489.16 to members in cash refunds of total assigned margins.

Bog Slade said he enjoys small town life . . . "the less ferocious pace, the friendlier relationships with people . . . who are quick to tend to your business but just as quick to help you."

But when it comes to management, Slade has seen that Halifax Electric is not a small town operation.

"We have policy manuals, procedure manuals, position descriptions and a complete wage and salary plan," he said.

"I am very proud of my staff," he said, and gave special mention to James T. Ellen, director of member services and staff assistant, for his outstanding work in the management program.

"I think managers have to guard against getting capable people but not letting them develop," he said. "Then when the manager leaves . . . panic!

"If something were to happen to me today," he said matter-of-factly, "the Board could just press a button (as he pretended to do) and put it on automatic pilot and things would still operate smoothly."

Another modern management technique is the use of electronic data processing equipment. Slade serves as chairman of Cooperative Services, Inc. at Enfield, which nine EMCs in Eastern North Carolina own and use for storing data on capital credits, transformer loading and billing — among other things.

Slade, who is one of the few remaining patrons of the bow tie, is quick to point out the main satisfactions derived from 30 years as manager.

"I'm in love with this job," he said. "And there are two things I am especially proud of: one is what Halifax Electric has meant to the community and area it serves; and second of our people who have become better citizens through self-development."

Modern management techniques . . . development of local communities and the area . . . and now a modern and adequate building — these are what Bog Slade alluded to when he said: "Electric cooperatives have become of age." —*Ed Brown, Jr.*

HaLE!

From the Beginning

While traveling through the mountains, a tourist, vastly impressed by the fresh clearness of the sparkling mountain air, stopped at the general store in a tiny cross-roads hamlet.

"This seems to be a very healthful place," he said to the storekeeper. "What is it that makes it so invigorating?"

"I reckon it's the fresh air," answered the storekeeper. "This here's the healthiest place I ever did see. Why, do you know, mister, that when I come here, I didn't have no teeth in my mouth and not hardly any hair on my head. Besides that I hadn't even the strength to walk across the room—and I had to be lifted outa my bed . . . and just lookit me now," he concluded, flexing his muscles.

"That's remarkable!" answered the tourist in awed tones. "How long have you been here?"

The storekeeper replied, "I was born here."

Contagious

The telephone rang insistently at 3:30 in the morning and Dr. Smith rolled out of bed to answer it. "Yes," he croaked into the receiver.

A loud voice crackled, "Doc, sorry to bother you at this hour, but I've got a terrific case of insomnia."

"Well," barked the doctor, "what are you trying to do — start an epidemic?"

All Aboard

A mother, accompanied by six noisy youngsters, boarded a crowded bus during the rush hour. The children ran through the bus, bumping into other passengers and shouting loudly. As the woman reached her stop and called her children preparatory to getting off, the driver said to her, "Next time, lady, why don't you leave half the kids at home?"

And the harassed mother snapped, "I did."

The Small Surprise

A father had just purchased a pen and pencil set for his son's graduation gift. "I suppose this is to be a surprise?" asked the clerk as he wrapped the set.

"It sure is," replied the father, matter-of-factly, "He's expecting a car!"

Bad Connection

During an attack of laryngitis a woman lost her voice for three days. Her husband, wanting to help his wife communicate with him, devised a system of taps. One tap meant "give me a kiss," two taps meant "no," three taps meant "yes," and 95 taps meant "take out the garbage."

Unusual Accident

A new recruit was sent to the quartermaster to pick up his uniform. He took the uniform and tried it on and it fit perfectly. The quartermaster said that he had never seen that happen before. "You know, Private, you must be deformed."

"Best luck I ever had! I was supposed to kiss a girl in the school play tomorrow!"

Not Yet

Mary Jane was fascinated by the fact that her older brother and sister could read. So when she returned home after her first day at nursery school, she bounded into the house, grabbed a book, and thumbed through it with the greatest anticipation. Finally she closed the book in disgust with the remark, "I still can't read."

"Let's tidy up the house—you take the bedrooms and I'll take the den and your father."

How Old Is She?

I'm trying to find a Bible that was owned by John Jacobs of Warren who died a few years ago. The Bible has the birth date of my grandmother, Lizzie Taylor of Rockingham, in it and I would like to know that date very much. She has forgotten her birth date and age. If anyone has the Bible, I really would appreciate hearing from you.

Mrs. Vera L. McMullen
Rt. 1, Box 424A
Rockingham, N.C.

Our Loyal Readers

As a new resident of North Carolina, I am delighted with your "Carolina Farmer."

Mrs. Harold V. Wright
Rt. 1, Ellenboro

We look forward to each issue of The Carolina Farmer. There is always something for each member of the family. I turn immediately to the Woman's Section of "Free Patterns" and "Kitchen Corner." My daughter, Nancy, 7, turns to "Hale!" She doesn't understand some of the jokes until they are explained, but she enjoys the pictures.

Mrs. Leo English
Rt. 2, Hamlet

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I enjoy very much the different North Carolina articles that appear in The Carolina Farmer magazine.

Mrs. Fernie G. Willis
Harkers Island

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I'm a recent migrant to N.C. and we plan to make our home in Bladen County... I'm the mother of five children and any needlework information you could supply would be welcome. Maryland doesn't have a magazine that compares with yours.

Mrs. Burlene Mihm
Rt. 2, Bladenboro

I just love the poems and the patterns too.

Mrs. C. C. Minter
Rt. 4, Lexington

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I do enjoy The Carolina Farmer, also the patterns.

Mrs. Raymond Rathbone
Rt. 3, Clyde

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We truly enjoy The Carolina Farmer.

Mrs. J. H. Mashburn
Star

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We love The Carolina Farmer very much.

Mrs. A. J. Knight
Rt. 3, Matthews

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We enjoy The Carolina Farmer.

Mrs. Edgar Paul
Rt. 1, Bath

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I enjoy your magazine very much.

Mrs. Norman Johnson
Rt. 3, Winston-Salem

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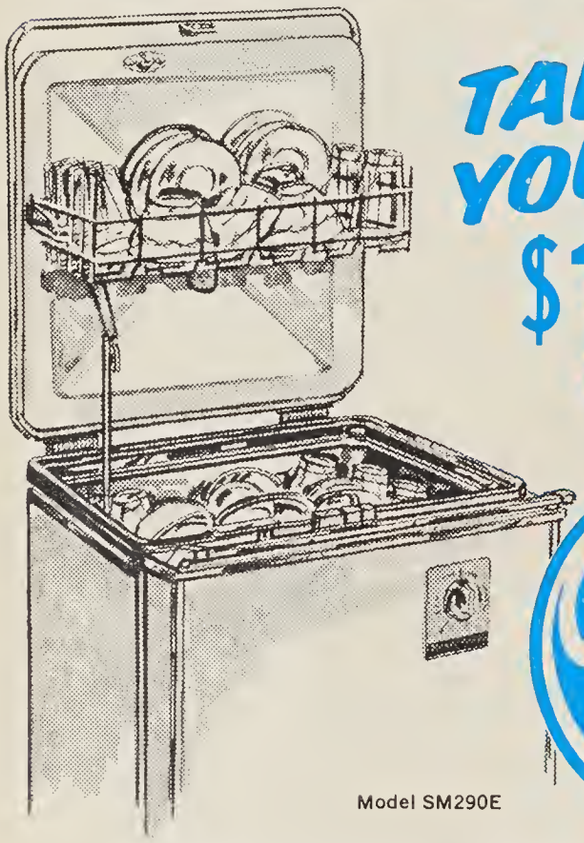

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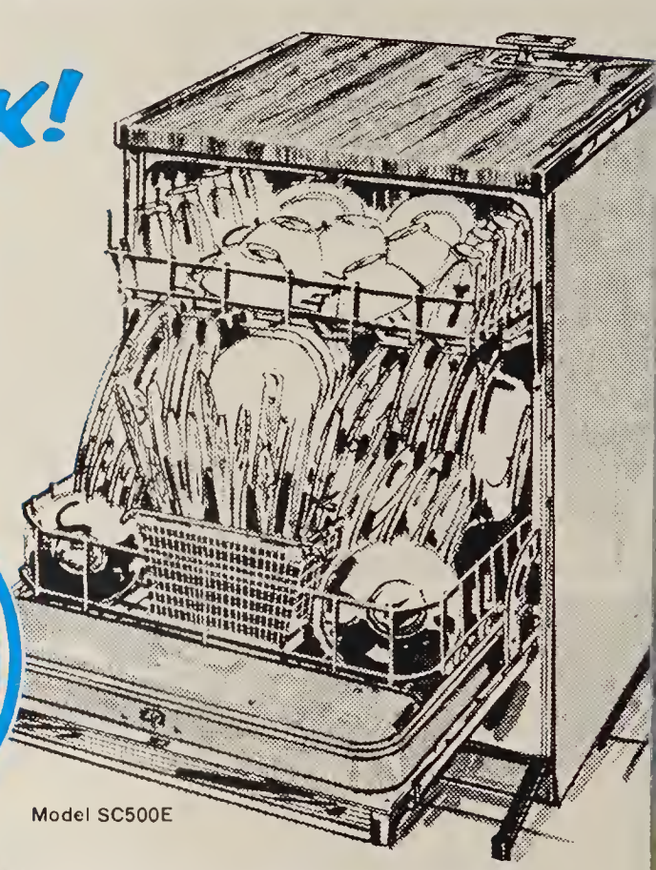

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